CHAPTER L.

EAR THE END OF Co., cotton importthe possession of my

guardian. It was in ne in London (with little reluctance since my life there had never been happy)
to study the art of making money. On arriving at the scene of my expected triumphs
I was assigned to the somewhat humble position of errand boy. In common with other
boys who performed a like service for the
firm I was known as "a pair of lega."
Lodgings of a rather modest character
had been secured for me in the western
catskirts of the city near the banks of the
Mersey. I was slow to make friends, and
my evenings were spent in the perusal of
story-books, which I had brought with me
from London. One night, not long after
the beginning of my new life in Liverpool,
I was Iving in bed listening to the wind
and rain beating over the house-tops and
driving against the windows, when suddenly there came a loud rap at my door.

"Who's there?" I domanded, starting
out of bed. my life there had never been happy)

"Who's there?" I demanded, starting out of bed.

As I heard no answer I repeated my inquiry and stood a moment listening. I could hear nothing, however, but the wind and rain. Lighting a candle and dressing myself with all haste I opened the door. I could just discern the figure of a bent old man standing in the hallway, when a gust of wind suddenly put out the candle. The door leading to the street was open, and the old man was probably a straggler come to importune me for shelter or for something to eat. As I relit the candle he entered my room and stood facing me, but did not speak. His clothes were dripping and he was blinking at me with strange, gleaming eyes. His hair was snow white, and as I looked into his face the deathly pallor of it frightened me. His general appearance was more than startling; it was

"What can I do for you?" I asked.
Greatly to my surprise he made no reply, but with a look of pain and great anxiety sank into a chair. Then he withdrew from his pocket a letter, which he extended to me. The envelope was wet and dirty. It was directed to Kendric Lane, Esq., No.—Old Broad street, London, England. The address was crossed and "22 Kirkland street, Liverpool," written under it in the familiar hand of my guardian. A strange proceeding, thought I. Was the letter intended for my father, who was long dead, and who had removed from that address more than ten years ago? The old man began to grin and ned as I examined the superscription. I broke the scal on the envelope and found the following letter undated and with no indication of the velope and found the following letter dated and with no indication of the ice from which it was sent: Dear Brother,—I need your help. Come me at once if you can. Consequences of t importance to me and to mankind de-

vast importance to me and to mankind depend upon your prompt compliance. I cannot tell you where I am. The bearer will bring you to me. Follow him and ask no questions. Moreover, be silent, like him, regarding the subject of this letter. If you can come procure passage in the first steamer for New York. My message is provided with funds. Your loving brother,

I had often heard my father speak of my uncle Revis, who went to America almost twenty years before I was born. Now he was my nearest living relative. No news of him had reached us for many years before my father died. I was familiar with

I was familiar with my father's death.

Extraordinary as the message was, the

er was more so. He sat peering at a strange, half-crazed expression

derstood me readily enough and began feebly to remove his clothing, while I prepared a sofa for myself. He was soon sound asleep, but I lay awake long after the light was extinguished. He was evidently quite ill, and I determined to go for a physician at the first appearance of day. I so I might be of service to him. When I arose in the morning my strange lodger seemed to be sleeping quicity. His face looked pale and ghastly in the light of day. I satepped close to his bed and, laying my hand upon his brow, was horrified to discover that he was dead. What was I to be published to the world. I ran out upon the street and told the first object, thought I. My uncle main thought had it to be published to the world. I ran out upon the street and told the first officer? I met how the old man had rapped at my door during the storm; how I had given him my bed out of, pity, and how I had discovered on awaking in the morning that he was dead.

That day the body was taken to the morgue. The sum of £100 was found in his pockets, a part of which gave him a decent burial. But while he had gone to his long rest, he had sown in my mind the seed of unrest. I went about my write the light of d. Whither would it lead me?

Strange as that messenger had seemed, he was certainly a good man to carry secrets.

CHAPTER II.

THEME T. Was a long to the lay and began in the part of a pair of a physician at the lay and began and began the was contained to go for a physician at the sasting and the was dead.

**That day the body was taken to the morgue. The sum of £100 was found in his pockets, a part of which gave him a decent burial. But while he had gone to his long rest, he had sown in my mind the seed of unrest. I went about my writers in a miserable tumble-down back street! I suppose your guardian provided this place for you? "To my guardian?" he asked. "Married!" Hexclamed. "To whom?" "To my guardian?" he asked. "To whom?" "To my guardian?" I asked in astonishment. Not heeding my question, he continued: "You're intending to go hom

legs" among my companious for some time siter my initiation to the warehouse. At first I was inclined to resent the reduction of my individuality to such a vulgar for-nula. But as I became inured to hard tasks the sharpness of this indignity wore away.

"THERE 'TIS OVER YONDER!"

and confided to me many a secret which, ewing to solemn pledges made at that time. I am not at liberty to divulge, before he invited me to dine and spend an evening with the family. I accepted his invitation gratefully, and the next evening Phil. took me over. It was a hearty welcome that I received at the home of the Chaffins. My enjoyment of their simple hospitality would have been perfect but for the embarrasament I felt at the many apologies with which it was offered. Mrs. Chaffin knew as 'ow the tea was not as good as I was used to drinking, but she 'oped it didn't taste "murky." I assured her that it did not taste murky, although a little doubtful as to the exact significance of the word when applied to tea. But in spite of my declaration she insisted that it must taste "murky" to one who was accustomed to better things. The ham was never too good in Liverpool, but she 'oped that it wasn't, "reesty." I solemnly declared that it was not "reesty." But Mrs. Chaffin and Mr. Chaffin out of the goodness of their hearts continued to condole with me on the score that such bam tasted and must taste "reesty." But Mrs. Chaffin and Mr. Chaffin out of the goodness of their hearts continued to condole with me on the score that such bam tasted and must taste "reesty." to one not used to it. I had no sconer satisfied their misgivings ocneerning the ham than I was compelled to take issue with them as to the bread, regarding which they entertained a lurking suspicion of staleness. During all of this discussion about the ham, the tea, and the bread I was conscious that a pair of big brown eyes, darkly shaded with long lashes, were staring at me across the table. Whenever I had the courage to glance that way I observed that they had been looking at me intently and were suddenly averted. These wondering eyes belonged to the only daughter in the family.

'They've all been boys," said Mrs. Chaffin, "since Hetty was born."

I thought it strange that the H in her daughter's name was the only one that the

I thought it strange that the H in her daughter's name was the only one that the good woman had shown the ability to

manage.

"Hetty is the only one of the lot that takes to books," she continued. "The head master told me she will make a good scholar, and dear a me! she does nothing but read books from mornin' till night." While Hetty and her mother removed the dishes we drew our chairs about the fire, and Mr. Chaffin, a blunt, simple-minded man, entertained me with sage observations regarding politics and the weather. He spoke rather loudly and in a key which, as I learned afterward, he only employed on very special occasions. Presently the youngest lad in the family, who sat on his father's knee, demanded a song. The response was prompt and generous. The selection with which Mr. Chaffin favored us contained upward of forty stanzas relating the unhappy story of a fair maid and a bold sailor, both of whom met a tragic death in the last stanza just before the day of their marriage. The song being finished, Hetty and her mother drew their chairs up to the fire; Hetty sat next to me, and after a severe inward struggle I summoned the courage to ask her a question. She answered me in the fewest words pessible, but in a voice so sweet and low that I wondered then and often afterward at its contrast to the other voices I had heard in that house. She were a home-spun frock and a neat white pinafore set off with a dainty ribbon tied about her throat.

"She's uncommonstill when strangers is here, sir," said Mrs. Chaffin, "but law me! she goes rompitin' about the house like as the standard and the house like as

here, sir," said Mrs. Chaffin, "but law me! she goes rompitin' about the house like as if she was crazy, sometimes ticklin' her father and tryin' t' snip off his beard with That night was the beginning of happier

days for me. When at last I rose to go it was near midnight. I forgot my wearines as I walked to my lodgings, thinking of those simple, honest people and of their

kindness to me.

I enjoyed high jinks at the house of the Chaffins at least once a week during the next year of my apprenticeship, near the close of which I began to get ready for a visit to my stepmother in fulfilment of a promise I had made by letter. It had next on the whole a harmy year to me

He sat as if unconscious that I had spoken.

I drew my chair to his side and repeated the words in a loud voice, but he did not seem to hear me. Evidently the old man could neither hear nor speak. In a moment he began groping in his pockets and presently handed me a card which contained the following words:

"It you can come tear this card in halves and return the right half to him."

I examined the card carefully. The words were undoubtedly in my uncle's handwriting. The back of the card was houvered with strange characters in red ink. I tore the card as directed and handed him the right half.

He held it up to the light and examined it carefully, then put it away in a pocket of his waisteoat. The look of pain returned to his face and he coughed feebly as if suffering from a severe cold. The hour being late I intimated by pantomime that I desired him to occupy my bed. He unlike the card him to occupy my bed. He unlike the words in a loud words and that I worded again. It did not occur to meet again. It did not occur meet aga

you can take time to look about for a busi-ness opportunity. If you don't like it come back, but if you can content your-self there for a while you had better do

asked.

"To-night. That is to say, I would like you to leave this place at once, go with me to a hotel, and sail by the first steamer that leaves for New York."

Ever since that strange and silent messenger had come to me with my uncle's letter I had been haunted by a desire to go in quest of him. Now that it was possible I hesitated. What would she say on hearing that I had gone to America? It would be very grand to write her from New York that I had been suddenly called abroad on important business; Would she care? Of course she would care, and I was willing to wager a sixpence with myself that she would cry bitterly, too, on receiving the letter. Ah, what a punishment that would be for her coldness and indifference!

Yes, I would go. I began picking up withings and packing them into my box.

"I conclude that you have decided to go," he said.

"Yes, sir. I shall be ready in a moment," I replied.

We were soon rattling over the pavements in a cab that had been waiting at

the door.

On arriving at the Northwestern Hotel we were informed that a steamer would leave for New York at 5 in the morning. We drove at once to the dock, and having succeeded in making comfortable arrange-



money with which to do so. But although
I had written often to Hester Chaffin no
word from her ever reached me. I was
tired of this fruitless quest among
strangers so far from the little that I held dear, and I was on the point of giving up when this paragraph fell under my eye in a Montreal newspaper:

A MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER.

A MYSTERIOUS GRARACTER.

"One who has ever passed the city of Ogdensburg by steamer will no doubt recall a large gambrel-roofed house standing near the water's edge, just out of town, surrounded by towering trees and enclosed on all sides by a wall nearly as high as the caves of the building. The wall suggests an asylum, a house of detention, or some like place set spart for the unfortunate members of society. In reality, however, it is the residence of a mysterious recluse of the name of Lane, who shut himself up there nearly eighteen years ago and has since been rarely seen. It was built after his own plans, they say, when he came to Ogdensburg with his wife, who died soon afterward. Nobody knows whence he came or anything of his past history. He is apparently a total stranger here below, holding no intercourse with the world beyond that enclosure. His wife is said to have been a woman of great beauty, and her death doubtless threw him into a morbid state of mind, from which he has never railied. Many years ago he is known to have bought a full-grown African lion from a travelling menagerie, and soon after he erected the wall, presumably out of regard for the public safety. Passers along the street have caught an occasional glimpse of him through the high gate walking in the grounds surrounding his house, with the lion at his heels, apparently in complete subjection to its master. A dense thicket runs along the wall on all sides within the enclosure, which according to local tradition is alive with rattlesnakes, bred for suclosure, which according to local tradi-tion is alive with rattlesnakes, bred for some strange purpose known only to him-helf—perhaps to make his isolation more

lien at this heels, apparently in complete the coloure, which according to local tradition and the within the electoure, which according to local tradition and the within the electoure, which according to local tradition and the within the electoure, which according to local tradition and the within the electoure, which according to local tradition and the within the tradition of the many and the properties of the tradition of the many and the properties of the preparent of of

roadway, now overgrown with weeds, led from the gate to the front of the house, which stood facing me. It was built entirely of wood and consisted of four wings (at least there were no others visible), leaving the central section fronting toward the gate at right angles, the rear wings being lower than those in front, and hidden by the latter from the view of one standing at the gate as I was. It was only at a distance that one could see their roofs above the inclosure. There was but one line of windows along the front, but there was an oriel just under the peak of the main building, and I could see a skylight here and there upon the roofs.

The blinds were closed and there was no as ign of life about the house—evidently planned with hospitable intentions, but now silent and forbidding. I tried the gates. They were locked securely. A screen of closely-woven wire rose from the payment half way up the iron work. Evidently it would be impossible to reach the deors without scaling this barrier, and I was not yet ready to try an expedient so deperate. Returning to my hotel I wrote a letter to the master of the house, tell in him of my long-continued quest and of my hopes regarding our possible kinship. Day after day I anxiously awated his reply, until a week had passed, but no word came from him. In passing the house at different times, however, I observed some signs of life within it—a blind open that had been closed the day before—a faint glummer of light on the trees in the rear of the grounds at night, which might have come from the back which was gratifying, but as time passed without bringing any reply to my letter I began to think that, after all, my bopes rested on very shadowy foundations. One day I asked the local postmaster if a man of the name of Lane, who lived near that city, every said he. "The man is crazy, I write and "Albertals," as they are called here. The Mormon Church control to the called here. The Mormon Church control to the called here. The Mormon Church control to the called here. The Morm name of Lane, who lived near that city,

and is about the same as dead, for hobody ever sees him. The tradesmen tell me that his old servant comes out of an evening, once in awhile to buy provisions, but he's deaf as'a post and as dumb as an oyster." The interview had at least shown me the futility of trying to reach him by letter. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIDE OF "COLLARS AND CUFFS."

[London letter to Philadelphia Telegraph.] [London letter to Philadelphia Telegraph.]
The eldest son of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Prince "Eddle," Prince "Collars and Cuffs," &c., one of the three greatest matches in Europe—the future emperors of Russia and Austria being the other two—is just twenty-seven. He has been reported as being engaged a score of times, but the rumors always melt baselessly away like so many mist wreaths. In spite of the many stories that have been whispered abroad to the detriment of the personal character

as to whither he had gone, in testing which I had visited no less than twenty cities, making careful inquiries, especially among medical men. Occasionally of the Prince of Wales should chance to

NOT TO BE SQUEL CHED.

Mr. Sanders is the proprietor of a large jobbing house in Pittsburgh, says the Plaid adelphia Times. One of his regular customers is old Joe Miller, a peddler. Joe has a reprehensible habit of offering less up than the market prize for merchandise. About two months ago Joe came in to buy some stock and Sanders waited on him.

"I'll tell you something, Joe," he said, by way of introduction. "I'll be glad to sell you anything you like, but if you offer me a penny less than the price I name I'll throw you out of that door."

"All right," said Joe, "I'll remember."
They came to a job lot of half-hose.
"How much?" asked Joe.
"Two dollars and alf a dozen," replied Sanders.
"I'll give you \$2," said Joe, without reflecting.

Section of a large on each side. All of the streets have the necessary irrigating ditches, and 'tis refreshing in summer to see the little rills, always clear and sparkling, dancing along the atreet-sides. The wealth of trees and shrubs and consequent shade, of large yards filled with luxuriant flowers, are among the summer joys. As the city covers the site of small but prosperous farms one finds in almost every block remnants of the old orchards. The effect, especially in the streets have the necessary irrigating ditches, and 'tis refreshing in summer to see the little rills, always clear and sparkling, dancing along the street-sides. The wealth of trees and shrubs and consequent shade, of large yards filled with luxuriant flowers, among the summer joys. As the city covers the site of small but prosperous farms one finds in almost every block remnants of the old orchards. The effect, especially in the streets have the necessary irrigating ditches, and 'tis refreshing in summer to see the little rills, always clear and sparkling, dancing along the street-sides. The wealth of trees and shrubs are developed with luxuriant flowers, always clear and sparkling, dancing along the street-sides. The wealth of trees and shrubs are developed with luxuriant flowers, always clear and sparkling, dancing along t

Sanders.

"I'll give you \$2," said Joe, without reflecting.

Sanders turned quick as a flash, and taking his customer by the collar threw him more roughly than he intended downstairs. Poor Joe rolled down the steep decline, through a glass door, and landed on the pavement, a mass of cuts and bruises. An ambulance had to be called and the hapless peddler was taken to the hospital.

For fully a month Sanders kept in concealment, fearing prosecution at the hands of the injured man. Then, as there was no action, he began to breathe again, but he lived in constant fear of a lawsuit. One day he perceived Joe coming down the street, his head covered with plaster, his arm in a sling. Sanders made a rush for his office and hid behind the door. Joe came in slowly and painfully and looked about him. Suddenly he espied Sanders, who stood trembling with apprehension.

"Say, Mr. Sanders," said Joe, with an insinuating smile, "you're not angry with me any more, are you? Will you take \$2 for that lot?" Sanders. "I'll give you \$2," said Joe, without re-

Wine for One's Stomach Sake. To the Editor of the Dispatch:

"AVENGING ANGELS."

Until about fifteen years ago there was only a sparse sprinkling of anti-Mormons, or "Gentiles" and "Liberals," as they are called here. The Mormon Church controlled everything—Church and State being merged into one, and the sojourning Gentile had best be wary, or he would learn that "avenging angels" were not mere images created by the versatile brain of Robert Louis Stevenson. There is little doubt that they reaped a full harvest during the years of Mormon supremacy. In 1890 the Liberals gained the possession of the city offices for the first time in the history of Salt Lake City, and there is now no doubt of their permanent tenure.

RELICS MUST GO.

RELICS MUST GO.

The changes and advances made during the last year give evidence of good government. But this very growth, so healthful and so necessary, is destroying many of the old relics which we would not have remain yet are doth to part with. Brigham Young used great effort to discourage anti-Mormon immigration and to prevent his flock from mingling with the world outside of Utah. So fearful was he lest the controlling power over the well-planned city should be wrested from Mormon hands by the incoming of greedy strangers that he even forbade the search for or development of minerals, which so richly fill the surrounding mountains. He discouraged education, except that gleaned from the weekly public reading of the Bible or that learned from nature's book. While he jealously watched over those already here he was busily occupied in bringing in new converts. For forty years or more missionaries have been going from Utah to almost all civilized parts of the globe; the Church meanwhile contributing a generous "convergion fund" which is raised by a RELICS MUST GO. almost all civilized parts of the globe; the Church meanwhile contributing a generous "emigration fund," which is raised by a tax laid upon the members. The result is that at intervals there is a downpour into this fair valley of foreigners, culled from the lower grades of English, Scotch, Danes, and Swedes, with a sprinkling of other sections.

A respectable but back-sliding Mormon ecently told me that her husband sup-orted her by "h'odd jobs of work," and

A PERTINENT SUGGESTION.

A striking feature of many old Mormon lots, public and private, is the massive mud and stone wall, sometimes twelve feet high, surrounding the buildings. This said that they were an early protection against the Indians, but when an erring Gentile sees that these walls (which could only be afforded by the rich) enclose each individual house, and when he further learns that in those good old days one man not infrequently became possessed of another man's wife, he can but question, "Why those walls and high iron gates?"

PUBLIC EDIFICES.

The first object shown to the sight-seeing stranger is the ten-acre block containing the Temple of the "Latter-Day Saints," the Tabernacle, the Assembly Hall, and the Endowment House. Within the walls of the latter the "spiritual" and "plural" marriage of the "Saints" took place with weird ceremonies. Into the mysteries of this building no Gentile, I venture to say, ever penetrated, and no Mormon save those participating in the rites. A full account, however, has been gleaned from some of the "apostates," who during the years of their allegiance to the church were deemed worthy of this marriage, which is considered one of the Church's highest privileges. So this square alone contains matter of interest sufficient to fill a separate letter. I shall not attempt to describe it here, but will cross the street to the "Tithing House," with its rockwall sentinel. On the same block are the "Bee-Hive" and the "Lion House," Every Mormon must pay his tithe—one tenth of all earnings, crops, and what not. It was to the tithing yard that all of the bogs were driven upon that occasion so memosphic to meany who are still living here. PUBLIC EDIFICES. were driven upon that occasion so memo rable to many who are still living here.

THE HOG QUESTION. In that day, as in this, the President of the Church was directed in his guidance of the people by visions "sent by the Almighty," and 'tis verily true, as a poor woman exclaimed to me, "They make God common." claimed to me, "They make God common."
However, a proclamation was made that
the Lord, as of old, had, in a vision seen
by the President, forbidden His people to
eat swine's flesh. "What shall we do with
our hogs?" was the cry of the obedient our hors?" was the cry of the obedient farmers far and near. Gracous permission was given to drive them into the tithing-yard until further disposition could be unde of them. That winter hundreds of pounds of bacon were shipped to the East from Salt Lake, but the poor people never learned what had become of their hogs!

The "Bee-Hive House" and the "Lion House" are two of Brigham Young's residences. The latter faces the street with a gable and runs far back into the block. Judging from the exterior, as seen through the bars of the high iron gate, all of the wives occupying this building had separate homes, for there are three little gabled porches along the side of the house looking like safety-valves in the event of a family storm! The Bee-Hive (the name indicating industry, being a Mormon symbol.) has recently been remodelled, and will now be the home of one of the sons of President Young.

Crossing South Temple street one reaches the Gardo House, familiarly known as "Amelia Palace." It is the last residence built by Brigham Young, and was designed by him for his favorite wife, Amelia Folsom Young. I am told that Amelia kindly perby him for his favorite wife, Amelia Folsom Young. I am told that Amelia kindly permitted the last and sineteenth wife to share her beautiful home. This building, which is quite attractive in appearance, was willed by Fresident Young to this wife, Amelia, but after his death she was deprived of it and it is now the official home of the Church dignitaries. The United States Government has in turn claimed it from the Church, this being one of the pieces of property (in all amounting in value to nearly or quite one million doilars) confiscated by the Government because of the Church's having overstepped the legal limit in the amount of property she held. After becoming possessed of tha Gardo House the Government offered it for rent to, the highest bidder. In consequence the Mormon Church now rents it for \$450 a month, or \$5,401 s year.

REGENARY PLAIN GRAYS,

**A few blocks from Amelia Palace is Brig-

IN SALT LAKE CITY.

THE HOME OF THE SAINTS DESCRIBED
BY A VIRGINIA LADY.

How New Converts Are Obtained—Beauty

ham Young's grave. Display is conspicutionally absent. A turf-covered city lot have been enclosed, and in the end of this farthest from the street and enclosed by a farthest from the street and enclosed by a fow iron fence is the grave of the "Prophet, Seer, and Revolator," It is covered by a low-lying granite slab. A few of the wives lie near by quite unostentatiously.

THE OLD SETTLER'S HOUSE

How New Converts Are Obtained—Beauty of Streets and Public Buildings—
Spiritual Plural Marriage.

[Cotrespondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

Salt Lake Ctr., Uran, May 4.—In one of his last letters on American cities Kipling says: "Chicago is a city, San Francisco a pleasure-resort, and Salt Lake a phenomenon." and his criticism is cleverly expressed. There is a marked difference between Salt Lake and her western sister cities in two things at least. She is old, comparatively, and she is satisfied with the last census report, which estimates her population at 50,000, of which over one half are Mormons.

In passing through Denver, and indeed almost any western town cutside of California, one is impressed with a pervading sense of newness. In Denver the paint seems scarcely dry; even the trees are new until an uninitiated eastern eye grows weary and would fain exchange some of this superb infancy for the less gorgeous widdle sees of the exchange some of the same of the server and onthern.

The old sixtillar's houses.

When Brigham Young led his wandering band into this beautiful valley and decided that their permanent home should be here, he first located the site of the temple. The apostlesselected their homes around it, the others of the band given them near by. As the community increased large lots were sold to the saints for small prices, and dwellings were built by all, according to their respective means. Many of these early houses remain unaltered, and are now near the centre of the city, and it is not uncommon to see alofty business-block or an imposing residence townering next to a lot upon which is a miserable hut of adobe surrounded by orchard, garden, hen-houses, stables, almost everything to indicate farm-life. In front is a little yard filled with old fashioned flow-ore, little yard filled with old fashioned fl

GITY-CEREK CASON.

But progress is abroad, and these old homesare fastgiving place to buildings both pleasing and costly. In which the people feel just pride. Indeed, there is much to indicate that this will be a large city in a few years. It would searcely be well to close this sketch without giving some account of City-Creek cañon. It seems there as if nature had riven the great mountain upon whose side the city is climbing, and through the chasm thus made comes a racing, bubbling little stream, edged with willows, birches, and moss, and needing only ferns to render it (to my country-loving eyes) one of the gladdest sights in Utah. The hand of man must have failed in its utmost effort to form such a park as is this canon or gorge.

Within a stone's throw of the city streets the read up the canon makes a sudden turn, and lo: all traces of civilization have disappeared. One is alone with the "everlasting hills," the blue sky above, and a cool mountain stream babbling at the readside.

VIRGINIANS IN SALT LAKE But City Creek must be passed by, as must all others of the attractive features of the place save one,—the sons of Virginia who have east their lot in the strange land, and in whose hearts live a loving memory of home and friends and of all the tender ties which link them to the

all the tender ties which link them to the past.

Among these gallant sons are Colonel S.

A. Merritt, of Augusta county, the first city attorney installed by the Gentiles; Rev. William N. Lane, of Richmond county, the earnest and efficient rector of St. Paul's chapel, whose wife is also a Virginian; Mr. Richard H. Cabell and family, of Nelson county; Mr. John A. Marshall, of Fauquier; Mr. William P. Minor, of Richmond city, and Mr. J. Van Meter, with his family, from West Virginia. All of these gentlemen, except the Rev. Mr. Lane and Mr. Minor, are practicing attorneys,

There were some queer distinctions is those days. One Sunday, going to the butcher's booth, I found a customer ahea

butcher.
"I'd like to know why? I've been trading with you all along, and never asked for liver before; but I want some variety now."

"Stand around and let me look at you.

No, you can't have any liver."

"Well, why?"

"Well, why?"

"There sin't enough to go round. I have to have some rule about givin' it out, and I have decided that no miner can have a serap of liver from me unless he wears a can as patch on the seat of his pants."

The can wall recognized in our camp on dence as well recognized in our camp on the Trimity as the star of the Order of the Garter is in Great Britain.

First Officer: What was that noise over

on your beat?
Second Officer: A man stole a watch from a little boy, and the boy cned.
"Did you arrest the man?"
"Why, no: the man was quiet enough, but the boy made a great noise, so I arrested him for disturbing the peace."

Then She Sang "Farewell Forever." (Rochester Talisman.)

her eyelnshes and getting her lips in shape.
"What is the favor I can grant you?"
"Only a little song at the piane, love. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want to seare him away." The Best Hand to Bold.

Howard: I didn't get home till late last Richard: What sort of a hand did you Howard: Just the nicest little hand you ever saw. It belonged to old man Goldrock's only daughter.

A True Fish Story A True fish Story.
[Mrs. George Archibald in Judge.]
Young Dobson, with a mind to fish,
Is quite too fond of playing hookey;
So off he'll slyly go and scale
The fence, and down beslife the brook he
Will sit and sit and sit and sit
His patience not at all a-bat-ed,
Though not a bite he seets to show
For all the wasted time he's waited.

Once, perched upon the bank he sat,

Once, perched upon the salar he say.

In hopes to catch enough for one dish.

His father stole upon the seine
And saw his incidistient sun-fish,
And when his sen came home at night
He took a rod from off the cuphoard;

"We'll have a fish-bavi how," said he,
And whated the roungster till he blubbered.

HOW IS YOUR CHILD?

Swift's Specific is the great developer, of delicate children. It regulates the ser-etions; it stimulates the skin to healthy action, and assists nature in development.

There is no tonic for child-

ren equal to S. S. S. Send for our treatise on Blood and

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighbor-

Mass., where it is made, that whose deignoon-hoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Saraparilla than of all other saraparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

PERSONAL THOUSANDS CURED YEARLY OF

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cores Scrofula. Salt Rheum, Botts, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsis, Billousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarth, Rheumathm, Ridney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an apposite, and builds up the system.

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Dyspepsia, Constipation, fillousness, Headache, &c., by using REES LIVERAND STOMACH
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S. REES, Philadelphia, Pa. mh 32-Su8t and put up in the best manner by THE CARDWELL MACHINE COMPANY

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The Lots are well located and are situated upon

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800 OF THESE LOTS.

\$200,000 IN IMPROVEMENTS

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of \$400 of this magnificent property, the "CONSOLIDATED" will FIVE SHARES, PAR VALUE \$25 PER SHARE. Present THREE SHARES, PAR VALUE 825 PER SHARE,

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For every dollar invested in West End Town Lots, adjoining the Trinity property, the purchaser realizes 50 per cent. In First-Class Industrial Enterprises will enhance the value of his investment.

that every purchase of \$400 carries eight shares of Sto Enterprises par value of \$200. A POINTER. of Stock in two well Equipped Indus In buying a lot you are also making an Investment, the Dividends upon which a most likely aid materially to educate your boys.

A HINT. The building of two large Industries upon the Property, and the completion of True

Now is the time to purchase. The lots may all be gone if you wait, and you will n

DILL'S BEST TOBACCO.

Thus I said the other day



[PUBLISHED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS OF THE STATE OF VIRGISLA. DENN MUTUAL LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY.

ANNUAL STATEMENT FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDING THE 31ST DAY OF DECEMBER OF THE ACTUAL CONDITION OF THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE-INSURANCE COM-GIGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, MADE TO AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS FOR THE COMMONWEALTH OP VIRGINIA, PIE TO THE CODE OF VIRGINIA, CHAPTER 53, SECTIONS 1280 AND 1283, REGULATION REPORTS OF INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Name of the company in full—The PENS MUTGAL LIPE-INSURANCE COMPANY.

Home or principal office of said company—921, 923, AND 925 CRESTNUT STEER, Pallague
PENA, PA.

A, PA.
Character of the company—Life—Purrly Motual.
President—Ebward M. Nerdles.
Vice-President—Horatio S. Stephers. President—EDWARD M. NEEDLES.
Vice-President—HORATIO S. STEPHENS.
Secretary and Treasurer—HERAY C. BIOWN.
Organized and incorporated—FEBRUARY 24, 1847.
Commenced business—MAY 25, 1847.
Name of the general agents in Virginia—PLEASANTS & HALL.
Residence of the general agents in Virginia—RICEMOND, VA.

PLEASANTS & HALL, GENERAL AGENTS,

1117 MAIN STREET. - - PHONE 261-

advantageous terms.

Maps showing the property and Price List of the lots cheerfully furnished application to

R. H. WRIGHT, Secretary, DURHAM, N. C.

A SUGGESTION.

To a friend who passed my way: "What shall I do to be at rest?"

"Kind sir," said he, "chew DILL'S BEST."

